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THE HIVE.

" BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1804.

NOVELIST.

A TALE—*Translated from the German of Kotzebue.*

[Concluded from Page 190.]

IT was at this time that Baron T——, her brother, a major in the Brunswick service, returned from America. He loved his sister sincerely, and Count Z*** had been the friend of his early years. He therefore, as soon as possible after his return, obtained leave of absence, for a few months, and hastened to embrace his relations. Accustomed to see his brother's house the seat of pleasure; accustomed there to find an entertaining circle of both sexes, drawn together by the Count's affability and hospitality; he was not a little surprised to perceive the door shut, which formerly was ever open. He imagined, however, it might be caused by some little excursion of pleasure, and knocked at the door;—a miserable Swiss opened it. "Is your master at home?" "Yes," replied the porter, "at home is he." "Well, so much the better," said the Baron.

He entered:—No footman opened the door: no lady's maid tripping forth to meet him: no lap-dog barked: no parrot chattered; all, all was dead, as in the habitation of a miser. He walked into the Count's room and found him sitting on a sofa, with his eyes rivetted upon Emilia's picture, which hung opposite to him.

Starting, as from an oppressive dream, he staggered towards the Baron, burst into his arms in speechless agony, and pressed him with fervor to his heart. At the same moment a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, for time had converted his rage into melancholy.

"Brother!" exclaimed Baron T—, "what means all this? Your house is now no more the same, and you—scarce can I recognise you. Where is that manly bloom, which once adorned your cheek? Those frightful looks forbode some terrible calamity. Where is my sister?"

"Ah!" cried the Count. The Baron started, and hastily demanded—"Is she dead?" "To me she is dead!" returned Gustavus. "Explain yourself," said her brother. "Alas!" cried he, "the grave of her honor was the grave of my peace."—Displeasure lowered upon the Baron's forehead. "Her honor! Is it possible? No: it cannot be." "And yet thus it is," cried the unfortunate deluded Count. Sobbing, and scarce able to articulate his words, he related to the friend of his youth, to the brother of his still beloved Emilia, the adventure of that hateful eve of All Saints, his anguish, his fury, his *revenge*.

Baron T— stood fixed in gloomy, speechless meditation, shuddering at the conviction of his sister's infidelity, and in vain seeking any means of vindication. "Forever cursed then," cried he at last, "be the whole hypocritical sex! What look can be the look of innocence, if Emilia's was not? Brother, be a man. Forget a woman unworthy of your love. Let no recollection of a faithless wife intrude upon the joys of youth which beckon to you from every side.—You have concealed this affair; you have thereby spared the honor of my family, for which I thank you: and now, from this moment Emilia is dead, her name forever banished from our conversation."

Baron T— kept his promise. The name of the Countess never fell from his lips; and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wasted form of his once so much loved sister often floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and, together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk in the city, where noblemen and beggars, and persons of every description, promiscuously paraded; suddenly the Count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself upon a stick. "Heavens!" cried he, "see, that is Emilia's confessor." Baron T— started, looked fearfully towards him, and was silent:—"Come, dear T—," said Gustavus, after a pause, "let us tear the wound once more open. I will address him. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing, but his looks will betray him."

He seized the Baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will. "Reverend old man," commenced the Count, "whence the sorrow which I see pourtrayed upon your sallow cheek?" "It is not sorrow, my lord," answered the priest: "I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world. I am better, and by order of my physician, have to-day, for the first time, stepped into the open air." "I congratulate you," said the Count. "Do you know me?" "Undoubtedly, my lord, I have the honor of speaking to Count Z***." "True," replied he, "you are speaking to the unfortunate Count Z***, whose misery is to you alone no secret." "My lord," stammered Anselmo, "pardon me, I do not understand you." The Count cast a look of bitter scorn at him. "You mean to say you must not understand me. Have you not been surprised that during these three years you have not seen my wife at the chair of absolution?" "No, my lord," returned the priest, "I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny; for she is a noble, excellent lady." "All in vain, sir," said Gustavus, "all in vain; your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I, I myself, was in the church, and heard the vile transaction which Emilia confessed to you. *I know that the lovely youth for six months daily visited our bed-chamber; I know that he each time escaped while we were at supper.* You see, sir, all, all I know. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot."

Anselmo raised his hands and eyes towards heaven. "Almighty Providence!" exclaimed he, "now do I see why thou hast prolonged my life! Now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer that I might depart to the habitations of peace! Oh! my lord, what have you done? Your wife is innocent. You must remember young Wildham, the orphan whom you educated, and for whom you three years since procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour had taken place between him and your maid-servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her ladyship at length detected them. She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed

the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To *me* she discovered the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea that the girl, after her dismissal from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities."

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the confessor, stood Count Z***, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildham had lately married his wife's former servant, and acknowledged a child some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist dispersed: he saw his beloved, suffering, innocent Emilia, and sunk senseless against a tree. The Baron, almost as violently agitated, stood rooted to the spot, and unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a hackney-coachman, and conducted the brothers to the Count's house.

Scarce had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran too and fro, howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the Baron and Anselmo endeavor to console him; he saw them not; he heard them not. The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, and gallopped away without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T— followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than was necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gates of the castle.

Emilia, stretched on her bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream; she heard the noise at the gates; she heard them opened and again barred. Hark! The footsteps of many persons echoed through the dark and lonesome gallery, which led to her prison. Hark! The key clinked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the door was opened; the glare of twenty torches dazzled Emilia's eyes. See! a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognised her husband. See! a weeping youth lay in her arms—she recognised her brother. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence at length is manifest—of a tender heart, which at once recovers all that is dear to it!

As yet the Count was stretched upon the earth, sobbing and asking whether she could ever forgive him. She embraced him; forgave him; attempted to raise him—in vain. He saw her wan, disfigured countenance, and buried his own in dust. Emilia at last knelt at his side, clasped him in her arms with heartfelt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed, in silence, the affecting scene.

After the first storm had subsided, and the three happy people had forsaken the dreary dungeon, Emilia, with tender anxiety, and in a gentle tone, said to her husband, "Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must now be three years since I heard any thing of them."

In repentant agony, the Count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of her pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was immediately brought from the boor's wife. Emilia clasped it in her arms, every maternal feeling awoke, and, for the first time, tinged her palid cheeks again with red.

The next morning, shortly before their departure, the Count commanded his steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. "No," said Emilia, smiling, and throwing her arm round her husband's neck; "the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you? These fallen cheeks will rise again; these pallid lips will regain their colour; these languid eyes will recover their former lustre; but the turret, let the turret remain as it now is—let it be a warning to each traveller who passes on this road, never to condemn his wife upon appearances."

A M U S I N G.

REPORTS of CASES ARGUED and DETERMINED in the SUPREME COURT of CUPID.

HIEMAL TERM—ANNO AMORIS, 5808.

REGINA *vs.* AGNES SINCLAIR.

THIS was an information filed by the Attorney-General, founded on the statute against *nudity*. The evidence was in writing, and the facts proved were, that "in a public assembly of both sexes, the prisoner appeared dressed in a gown cut so extremely low before and behind, that many things which ought to have been concealed wholly or in part, were exposed to public view," and also, that "the remainder of the dress was so thin and transparent, that the form of the lady through all its sinuosities was indelicately perceptible;" and also, that "the lady at that time wore no petticoat."

After verdict, Recamier, sergeant of counsel for the prisoner, moves an arrest of judgment upon two points: *First*, With regard to the first charge, relative to the fashion of the gown, he contended that the evidence was too indefinite to convict the prisoner; "many THINGS were exposed which *ought* to have been concealed." The word '*things*' is the most indefinite word in the language; it means any thing and therefore nothing; the jury had no right to give it a meaning in this case: Besides, how could the witness determine and swear that the things alluded to *ought* or *ought not* to be concealed; that this is a question of law; he was not a judge of this honorable court; perhaps your Honors might think differently from him, and decide that the gown was not a criminal one. When it was made, the lady might have expected to be married soon, and then it would be, at least, a *convenient* one.

Secondly: With regard to the two last charges, the prisoner could not be convicted upon the statute relative to *nudity*, as the evidence was clear that she was in full dress. However thin and improper her dress might have been, this was not the legal form of correcting those evils.

But the court over-ruled these objections. They said enough was proved of the first charge to satisfy the jury, (and they were the exclusive judges of it,) that the lady was so far *nude*, as to be considered *indecently dressed*; and that it had been long settled that whatever was indecent destroyed the enchantment of love, and therefore in this Court to be accounted criminal.—With regard to the second point, he said, it was not the intention of the statute to guard *only* against *entire* nudity. The world was not yet bad enough to require such a prohibition. But the statute was intended to prevent the gradual increase of transparency of dress and nakedness, which threatens in the course of time to terminate in the wearing of nothing but gauze or crape apparel, or in the absolute indecency of wearing no clothes at all; a circumstance very much to be dreaded in cold climates, and among virtuous and decent people. The objects of the statute were the preservation of modesty, the restoration of genuine love, (now almost unknown,) and the protection of that natural decency, which seems to be laughed out of countenance by our fashionable people. The dress of the lady was in direct violation of the spirit of the statute, and she therefore must recognize to make appearance here to-morrow to receive sentence.

The next day the court sentenced her to wear for two months *wild bore gowns*, made to tie close round the neck, and not less than two flannel petticoats at a time; and also to find two securities to recognize with her, that she shall not appear indecently dressed for one year.

LASCIVIUS *vs.* BARTON.

TRESPASS——For kissing the Plaintiff, as she was getting into a carriage, returning from a Ball.——Case reserved upon a statement of facts for the opinion of all the Judges.

And now *Freelove*, Justice, delivered the opinion of the whole Court:

"The question is, whether the prior conduct of the Lady justified the actions of the Defendant? And we are all of opinion, that notwithstanding the *Gentleman* was not particularly acquainted with the *Lady*, the af-

fected lascivious expressions of her eyse, her forward manners, and sideling advances, though not specially directed towards him, are facts, which must acquit the defendant of having taken *injustifiable* liberties. And though one or two persons were near the carriage door at the time, yet it is to be presumed that things done in the dark are unseen, and consequently the *Defendant* must also be acquitted of the charge in the other count, of being guilty of the indecency of "*Kissing before folks*"—The *Plaintiff* therefore has no cause of action.—If a young Lady is imprudent, it is her own fault; if her conduct is such as to invite improper familiarities with her person, she can have no redress here.—The meaning of the statute in this behalf made and provided cannot be extended beyond those cases, in which rudeness has no sufficient provocation, and familiarity is not authorised."—*Defendant acquitted.*

—⊛—

SAGACITY OF RATS.

A travelling gentleman saw by the side of the road, on a sandy heath, a colony of rats moving in grand divisions, and in the most perfect order, from a dilapidated mill towards a parson's barn. This is not so wonderful—but upon a nearer approach, to his great surprise he saw, by the help of a good glass, two rats leading their aged parent, who was blind, in the following extraordinary manner:—a long wheat straw was held in the centre between the gums of the old rat, for he was toothless as well as blind, at the extremities of which each of the sons marching gently, conducted their sire to the destined spot.

At Amsterdam in a street called the Wood-market, recently lived a man who was curious in keeping of fowls. One of his hens, though in the Summer, had for several weeks stopped yielding her usual produce, and yet daily made her natural cackling; he searched her nest but could not even find a shell of an egg, which made him resolve to watch her closely; he accordingly the next day situated himself in such a manner as to observe her motions minutely, when to his great surprise he saw her discharging an egg; but no sooner was she off her nest, than three rats made their appearance; one of them immediately laid himself on his back, while the others rolled the egg upon his belly, which he clasped between his legs, and held it very firm; the other two then laid hold of his tail and gently dragged him out of sight.

—⊛—

The following laughable description of some parts of the Blue Mountain, in Pennsylvania, is taken from a translation of Bulow's travels in America.

"THESE woods were very desolate: not a *bird* was to be seen; still *less* to be heard, though it was the singing seasen of the year. Nothing but the *screaming* of *jays* interrupted the solemn *stillness* of the woods, and the hollow *whistling* of the wind in the tops of the firs: of *murmuring* brooks there was plenty."——Thus---There was not a *bird* to be seen though there were *jays*—there was *less* than a bird to be *heard*, though these *jays screamed*—there was a solemn *stillness*, but there was also *screaming* and *whistling* and *murmuring*.——Poh.

—⊛—

GLEANINGS.

The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of boffoons is inferiour to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

—

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, not satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

—

People say, "do not regard what he says, now he's in liquor." Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded.

—

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

—

Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

Lancaster, *May* 23, 1804.

—

WHITSUNTIDE.

LAST Monday, being *Whitsuntide*, was religiously, piously and sanctimoniously observed, and hallowed, with all the christian decency usual on those occasions. Apprentices, servants, kitchen-wallapers and pot-wrestlers, in the sanctity of their hearts, too pious to labor on this holy day, in large congregations commemorated the occasion in the devout exercises of fishing, gunning, caballing, horse-racing, ball-playing, dancing, drinking, swearing——not working..... Would pious christians work on a holliday?—No master shall ever compel such devout souls to violate a holy holliday by working: no, in spite of all masters, and of all mistresses too, they rested from labor, for it were a sin, a first rate sin, to work on Whitsuntide.

The mechanics too [pious souls!] religiously observed this holy day, and rested from their labor. Like the primitive saints they assembled themselves together, they communed with one another in brotherly love, and where two or three were met together, there the glass was in the midst of them, to bless them—that is, to make them happy; for many of them were as happy as Chlœ.

The militia too, in their zeal, celebrated the day with all due military eclat: and black eyes and bloody noses at the same time gave proof of the piety and bravery of the soldiery.

The piety of the merchants was announced by shut shops: that is, the windows.—True, the doors were open, and if needy customers had money, it were hard to turn them away: but the windows were uniformly closed—locked fast:——and if any business were transacted, the windows being shut, Omniscience did not know it——knew nothing about it.

And a great deal of business was done that day, a great deal of money was taken, for the country people were generally in town—and, though the windows were shut, it was a good day for the store-keepers.

This farce was kept up all day long, but God Almighty knows nothing of the matter: a great deal of goods were sold, but he does not know that—not he—for the windows were shut, and one may do what one pleases, if one keep one's windows shut:—nor shall he ever know it; for we will keep our windows shut, and we are not going to inform upon one another. *Sacro Sanctus.*

MARRIED, on Friday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Clarkson, Gen. *Franklin Davenport*, of Woodbury, in New-Jersey, to Miss *Sarah Barton Zantzinger*, daughter of Paul Zantzinger, Esq. of this borough.

——, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. N. W. Sample, Mr. *Robert Mackey*, to Miss *Barbara Lightner*, both of Strasburg township, Lancaster county.

DIED, on the 17th inst. in this borough, in the 83d year of his age, *Michael Hubley*, Esq. He was a native of Germany, and arrived, with his father, at Philadelphia, in the year 1732. In May, 1740, he came to Lancaster, and has resided here since. He filled several public stations with fidelity and impartiality—and, as an honest man, good neighbor, and useful citizen, was ever highly esteemed.

—⊛—

An account of the SILK MILLS, *at Derby, in England.*

IN these mills are 26,585 wheels, and 97,746 movements, continually working except on Sundays. This grand machine is disposed in four stories of large rooms, above each other: and the whole is actuated by one great water wheel, which goes round three times in a minute. In each time of its going round, 73,728 yards of silk are twisted, so that in twenty-four hours 318,504,960 yards are executed. The water wheel is kept continually going: but on Sundays it is disengaged from all the rest of the work. Any part of these movements may be stopped without the least prejudice, or interruption of the rest.

Wond'rous Machine! thy curious fabric shews,
How far the pow'r of HUMAN wisdom goes.

POETRY.

A NEW SANG.

TO THE TUNE OF—WOO'D AN' MARRY'D AN' A'.

MY name it is DONALD M'DONALD,
I live in Lochaber sae grand
I've follow'd our banner, an' will do,
Wherever my maker has land;
When rankit amang the blue bannets,
Nae danger can fear me ava',
I ken that my brethren aroun' me,
Are either to conquer or fa':

Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a',
An' is na' she very weel aff,
Who has brogues an' brochen an' a'.

2

Last year we were wonderful cany,
Our frien's an' our country to see,
But since the proud Consul's grown vanie,
We'll meet him by land or by sea.
Whenever a clan is disloyal,
Whenever our king has a foe,
He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi's Highland men a' in a row.

Guns an' pistols an' a',
Pistols an' guns an' a',
He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi' guns an' pistols an' an'.

3

What tho' we befriendit young Charley,
To tell it I diana think shame,
Poor lad he came to us but barely,
And reckoned our mountains his hame:
'Tis true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carry'd the day,
Had Geordy come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.

Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a';
For George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

4

An' O I wad eagerly press him,
The keys o' the East to retain;
For shude he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Tho' it were my finishing blow,
He ay may depend on M'Donald,
Wi's Highland men a' in a row.

Knees an' elbas an' a',
Elbas an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbas an' a'.

5

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will knuckle to nane.
The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,
An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay,
An' I, their gude brither M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray.

Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonny blue bannet,
The kilt, an' the feather an' a'.

6

The Ross clan must na' be forgot,
M'Phersons wi' black rolling ee',
Crowdy mowdy, long kale an' what-not,
Makes 'em fierce as a high rolling sea.
They can whip all soup-meagre monkies,
Wi' a braid sword in hand they maun fa',
The heat o' the blude o' the skunkies,
Will make 'em for e'er clear the wa'.

Crowdy mowdy, long kale an' what-not,
Long kale, crowdy mowdy an' a',
Will ay flush the cheek o' the Scot,
An' keep 'em frae rinning awa'

7

If Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer sa grane,
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane.
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairny,
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore;
Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
An' sing him "Lochaber no more."

Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll batter the Corsican callan',
Wi' stanes, an' bullets, an' a'.

—⊙—

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

TWO Nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of numerous charms possess'd,
A warm dispute once chanc'd to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild—
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oft'ner than she smil'd.

And in her humor, when she frown'd,
Would raise her voice and roar,
And shake, with fury, to the ground,
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
From all such frenzy clear;
Her frowns were seldom known to last,
And never prov'd severe.

To poets of renown in song,
The Nymphs referr'd the cause;
Who, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,
And gave misplac'd applause.

They gentle call'd, and kind, and soft,
The flippant and the scold;
And though she chang'd her mood so oft,
That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
Or so resolv'd to err;
In short, the charms her sister had,
They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the God, whom fondly they
Their great inspirer call,
Was heard one genial summer's day,
To reprimand them all.

"Since thus you have combin'd," he said,
"My fav'rite Nymph to slight,
"Adorning *May*, that peevish maid,
"With *June*'s undoubted right.

"The minx shall for your folly's sake,
"Still prove herself a shrew;
"Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
"And pinch your noses blue."

—⊙—

Lines on Miss ——, a beautiful young Lady, rather too short.

WHEN *Xerxes*, for a finish'd piece,
Cul'd all the various charms of *Greece*,
Had ANNA once engag'd his thought,
No farther had the painter sought;
He *height* alone had wish'd to find,
And soon had found it—in her *mind*.

—⊙—

EPIGRAM

On the death of a Dr. Evans, who, like the "egregious Moore," satirized by Arbuthnot and Pope, was famous for the destruction of worms:

EVANS, of worm destroying note
With little folks, who need 'em,
Has all his life been *poisoning* worms,
And now's consign'd to feed 'em.

Thus 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he liv'd *by those*,
And now they live on him.

—⊙—

EPIGRAM.

DICK on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died;
Her *life* had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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